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THE TEAR DROP.

A TALE FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

I NEVER passed an evening in the Green Room without bringing away something worthy of being treasured. No matter what part we act upon the stage, here at least we lay down the robe, and appear in our own proper characters. It seems as if there was some necessity laid upon us, when behind the scenes, to throw off the disguise, and exhibit the true lights and shades of what we are and have been. Not long ago I heard a little story in the green-room of a Theatre in Paris, which may possess some interest for readers beyond the circle who knew and appreciated the narrator.

The conversation, shared by Authors, Actors, and Editors, had taken a metaphysical turn, and some one was trying to prove that our character and destiny were controlled entirely by our original constitution, and that it was therefore impossible for us to change. "No man," said he, "can ever be cured of his vices or evil passions; who ever heard of a miser being made generous."

"I have," said a deep voice at his side. "I am a living witness to the reality of a change you have pronounced impossible. —I once was a miser!"

We all turned toward the speaker; I recognised him as one of the most successful dramatic writers of the day, and one whose liberality was the theme of every tongue.

"And who performed this miracle?" asked the first speaker.

"Who? a tear shed by a child!" Here our attention increased, and we drew around the speaker.

"It was in 1834," said he, "I had just given to the theatre of La Porte Saint Martin a drama which thus far has

brought me the most money, and (why should I not say it?) the most fame as a dramatic writer. I received by the same post two letters from Marseilles. One was from the manager of the theatre in that city, saying, that to secure the better performance and consequent success of my new piece, he desired my personal aid at the rehearsals. The proprietors of the theatre left the sum to be allowed me for my counsel, time, and expenses, to be named by myself, but I must certainly go, and go immediately. The other letter was in these words:—

"The widow and child of your late brother are in sickness, and nearly dying of want. A few hundred francs would save their lives, and your presence here would restore them back to health.

(Signed) Victor Lambert, M.D."

"I said to you at first, and I do not shrink from repeating it (for I can now make the avowal without shame), that I had the flinty heart of the demon of avarice. The physician's letter put me in a rage, and I crushed and tore it to pieces—but the proposal from the manager required an immediate answer, and I started the very next day for Marseilles. My journey was one long sum in addition, I noted down to a centime my expenses, I estimated the value of every hour of my time, I fixed upon the sum to be asked for my advice—each word was weighed and had its price, and nothing was omitted by which I could swell up the amount of my demands. My poor sister-in-law I thought of as little as possible, and when her image, in sickness and in poverty, did force itself upon my memory, I quickly banished it. Oh! it was vile in me, it was infamous, for I had long ago intentionally ill-treated my poor kinswoman.

"Years before the period in question, I had received a letter from my only

brother (a true-hearted sailor, now alas! buried in the ocean), informing me that he was deeply in love with, and about to marry, the daughter of a fisherman, who would bring him a valuable dowry, made up of an excellent heart, a fine person, eyes of the greatest beauty, and an entire absence of ready money. To this letter I replied as follows:—

“You are in love, it appears, and you would marry a foolish girl who has the rare merit of being poorer than yourself. Be happy with your mermaid if you can, but between ourselves, you are going to do a very foolish thing—if not too late, break it off. Adieu.” This letter was certainly short, but not sweet.

“My sister-in-law was a native of Normandy, which implies, as we all know, that she was extremely proud; and she was, besides, virtuous, resolute, and especially headstrong. She never forgot this unfeeling letter, and at heart she nourished a deep seated contempt for the writer. When, therefore, her husband perished at sea, when without support, without hope for the future, she found herself reduced to penury and in sickness, she determined to suffer everything, even death itself, rather than seek my aid; and she might have died without writing to me—without pardoning me—which would certainly have been very headstrong, not particularly wise, and not at all in a Christian-like spirit—but she was not alone in her destitution—she had a child, a lovely little girl, who lay on the miserable bed with her dying mother, daily wasting away, and enduring the pangs of hunger with the resignation of an angel. Notwithstanding all her obstinacy, my sister-in-law loved her child with a mother’s doting fondness, and she soon saw that if she would save its life, an effort must be made to soften the heart of the cruel brother. She made the avowal to her physician, a kind-hearted and charitable man, who had already ascertained that poverty was the first disease to be cured, and to this end he had contributed his small, but insufficient aid, for he was nearly as poor as his patient. The physicians of the poor possess every talent but that of getting paid for their services.

“It was this excellent man who took upon himself the task of writing to me, and on my arrival at Marseilles he was

waiting for me in the coach office yard. As I had not replied to his letter, he had presumed, in the simplicity, of his heart, that I would of course come. Generous hearts are always thus influenced; they judge from themselves and believe in goodness. He hastened to meet me, saying, ‘You have lost no time, my dear sir; you foresaw that delay would be equivalent to a sentence of death. God will reward you for the good act.’ This unmerited praise was bitter, but I had not the magnanimity to say it was undeserved—and what man ever refused to be flattered? What ass but would pass for a lion?

“My first visit, which I had determined should be to the manager of the theatre, was made to my sister-in-law. I found her in the miserable garret of a dilapidated house, situated in a narrow street, with not even a ray of sunshine to cheer her lonely hours. Near the bed, with its scanty covering, was a little girl. She had large and lustrous eyes, arched eyebrows already finely formed; her hair, profuse and in careless ringlets, so beautiful in childhood, encircled regular features, full of intelligence, and stamped with that serious resignation which early suffering gives to the countenance. Oh! how sweet was that child even then, and how eloquently her thin pale cheek pleaded for her! I gazed upon her in silence—I began to feel that there is in childhood an irresistible attraction, a fascination, which we feel and acknowledge although our hearts may have been for a life time closed to every benevolent and tender emotion. I longed to clasp the dear child in my arms, but sordid avarice whispered, if you suffer your heart to be touched you are lost! I felt that I should incur obligations which during my whole life I had studied to avoid. I should be compelled to relieve effectually the accusing misery which surrounded me. Like one who sees an abyss at his feet, I recoiled at the thought. The benevolent physician could not comprehend my detestable selfishness; and he believed my strange demeanour the effect of pity. The cold hesitation of a miser at the sight of suffering he would avoid, would fly from, he supposed the emotion of a softened heart. A melancholy smile irradiated his features. Approaching me more closely, he pressed

my hands in his with warmth, and said, 'The sight of so much misery, I see, affects you deeply. In our profession, if we would do our duty, we must become but too familiar with such scenes; you, however, are the only physician wanted here—let us go nearer.' We went closer to the bedside. I was in a cold sweat, for shame was at work at my heart, and my mean and sordid subterfuges tortured me.

"When my sister-in-law saw me so near her bedside, she rose with difficulty and sat up in the bed, leaning upon the physician's arm. There was visible in her countenance both pride and resignation; she would have commanded, but she did not dare to command, and it was a painful task to ask protection from the only person in the whole world she had despised. She did not, therefore, descend to solicitation, but trembling with emotion, she pointed her attenuated finger to her child, saying, in heart-breaking tones, 'My poor child will soon be motherless.' This simple but powerful appeal to my compassion did not conquer my stubborn heart. I carefully avoided looking at the child, for fear of relenting, and said coolly as I could, 'Why do you indulge such melancholy forebodings? You are still young and in the care of a skilful physician—we ought never to despair.' Any other human being would have said, 'Your brother is here; he has come to wipe away your tears, and to make you forget his former unworthiness; rely upon him, for he will be a father to your child'—but I said no such thing—I had but one wish, to fly. Oh! worship of the golden calf, how flinty-hearted, how infamous, it makes us! While thus undecided in what manner to effect the shameful retreat which I meditated, the sweet child had steadily fixed her eyes upon my iron countenance, appearing more surprised than abashed, when coming close to me, she took hold of my hand, pointed to the foot of her mother's bed, and in the most touching accent said, 'Sit down there, you are so tall I can't kiss you, if you don't take me in your lap.' I sat down and she climbed up to a seat on my knees. The mother, seeing this, clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven as if in prayer. For myself, I felt that the decisive moment had arrived, and I

cased my heart in triple steel. 'What is this woman and this child to me?' thought I—'I am under no promise to support them—they have no legal claim upon me—they cannot oblige me to feed them—my riches, so long and so patiently toiled for, are mine, yes, mine alone—the future is dark and uncertain, to give a part away even, would be foolish and imprudent!'

"In short, I gave myself all the excellent reasons which the love of hoarding can bring so triumphantly into the field of argument. My resolution once taken, I resolved to be firm, and calling to my aid a savage scowl, I looked steadfastly in the face of the child. She too looked in my face steadily and boldly, and appeared considering in what way she could break through the icy rampart behind which I was entrenched. At length throwing her little arms around my neck, she said in her childish manner, 'Will you be my papa? Oh! I will love you so. You look just like my dear papa; sometimes he looked cross, too, but he was so good, if he did look cross I wasn't afraid—are you good too?' I cannot describe to you the touching effect of this artless appeal; yet I faltered, but making a strong effort to retain my stern and unyielding aspect, I rudely unclasped her little arms from around my neck, and without a word in reply placed her upon her feet beside me. In an instant she turned deathly, frightfully pale, then a single tear rolled slowly down her marble cheek, and fell yet hot upon my trembling hand. A change, sudden and entire, came over me—my greedy avarice, my brutal conduct appeared before me in their revolting deformity—I felt degraded in the dust—I no longer tried to struggle against the principle of goodness implanted in us all, I no longer reasoned, I felt, and giving way to the happiness of being guided by the heart alone, I placed my hands upon the child's head, and in a fervent and solemn tone, exclaimed, 'I call Heaven to witness that here in thy mother's presence I do swear to be to thee as a father, and never daughter was more tenderly loved than I will love thee my child.' Oh! I could wish you had seen the mother when she heard these words. Her eyes appeared to gleam with light, her features were radiant with joy, her breast

heaved convulsively, and she tried to speak, but there was no sound; not a word could she utter. The physician was alarmed, and we feared that she would actually die of joy. But joy seldom kills—she soon breathed more freely, and tears came to aid. ‘Brother,’ said she, ‘I have wronged you.’ She added much more which I would not hear. I believe (Heaven pardon me,) she would have asked forgiveness for my brutality towards her—it would have overwhelmed me with remorse. I interrupted her thanks by saying that in her feeble state she ought to avoid the exertion of talking. The physician, who was of my opinion, enjoined silence and quiet, and after giving some directions, was about to take leave of his patient, when I called him aside, and handing him my purse, desired him to take the necessary measures for her immediate removal. I knew no person in Marseilles, and the worthy man took upon himself the task of finding a suitable residence: ‘Though,’ said he, ‘I fear she will not need it long.’ ‘If but for a day,’ said I, ‘It will be one day snatched from years of misery.’ That very evening everything was accomplished, and the next day found us in the occupancy of a small house beautifully situated in the midst of trees and flowers, and near the sea shore.

“There, during three months, I clung to the hope that my sister-in-law might regain her health, and for a time I had good reason to indulge in the expectation. She was ever calm and tranquil; she would smile sweetly as I would forget my fifty years, my grey hairs, and become a child again to please the being I had sworn to love and cherish; but alas! my hope was not to be realized—her struggle with poverty and disease had been of too long duration; the sources of life were exhausted, and medical science, with the tenderest care, could not avail. She well knew that her life was drawing to its close, and she contemplated the melancholy certainty with holy resignation. If she rarely spoke of her approaching end it was to spare our tears.

“The fatal hour arrived but too soon. It was one of those moonlit nights, so beautiful in that climate, when the mild sea air,

“That cools the twilight of the sultry day,”

came gently into the room. Seated be-

tween her dear child and myself, she seemed to enjoy the freshness of the breeze, when her hand convulsively grasped mine, and I turned quickly toward her. Her face was white as marble. Looking first at her child and then at me, with calm serenity in her countenance, she said, ‘Your kindness, dear brother, has made the close of my life happy. I die without a pang, for you will love my child.’ She ceased speaking, and soon was no more. Shall I avow it? Her death to me had nothing of the terrible, of the appalling. In her last words, in her calm serenity, in the ray of hope brightening her features as she passed away, there was a mysterious, an unseen power which seemed to say, *I go to a better world*—it was not the eternal sleep succeeding life’s fitful fever, but the dawning of a joyful day.

“From that hour my brother’s child has been mine, our joys and sorrows are intermingled, and to her happiness I have devoted my life. Her beauty and loveliness have increased from year to year.

“Like the dew-drop which falls upon the bud and expands the flower, that precious TEAR has opened my heart to the claims of kindred and of man upon his fellow man; and the flinty-hearted and grasping miser of former days is no longer the degraded being who would have bartered his very soul for a bag of gold.”—*From the Journal of Commerce.*

A BEAUTIFUL STORY

TOLD AT A PIC-NIC BY THE HON. HORACE MANN.

I HAVE but a few moments to speak; other engagements call me away. As I look around me, I see but few very little children here—I see a great multitude of young people. I shall make my remarks with direct reference to them.

The great object of life is to do good. After all the books I have read, and after all my travels and study, I have come to this conclusion: the sum and substance of all religion and all duty is to do good to our fellow man. This is what God requires of us. Let me tell a true story.

There once lived an old man so poor that he used to leave his shoes under the corner of the fence while he went out to work in the field, in order to save the little wear that might come upon them during his labour. One day as he had

left his shoes and gone to work as usual, there passed two men, the one a wealthy student of a neighbouring College and the other a professor of the same. The student caught sight of the shoes, and divining that they belonged to the old man, proposed playing a joke upon him—by hiding the shoes and watching to see how the old fellow would act when he came out and found them gone. “No,” said the Professor, “the old man is evidently very poor and woe-begone; let us drop a silver dollar in each of his shoes, and secreting ourselves, wait the result. You are wealthy and will never miss the money, and my word for it, you will find this the better joke.” The young man who was only intent upon having a little fun—he did not care how—seemed to think that would do, and depositing the money, they retired behind the wall, and awaited the old man’s approach. He soon came out and proceeded to put on his shoes. Taking up one of them he thrust in his foot, but feeling something hard in the bottom, withdrew it, and putting in his hand drew forth a bright silver dollar. Who could have placed it there? Was it an angel from heaven, or some friend? He looked all around, but saw no one. He examined it closely to see if his eyes were not deceiving him. With a look of delight, he took up the other shoe—put in his foot, felt something tickle him again. Withdrawing his foot, he thrust in his hand, when lo! another silver dollar! This was more than he could bear; falling upon his knees, he thanked God for the bountiful gift, and offered up a prayer to Heaven, by which they learned he had a sick family at home, and was destitute of the means of procuring the necessary assistance which this money would secure, and probably be the means of saving their lives.

He looked upon the silver dollars as a “God send,” and whether man or an angel had dropped them into his shoes, was all the same to him. The money he needed, and the money he obtained. “Now,” said the Professor to the young man, “which is the better joke, yours or mine?” The student was deeply impressed, and went his way a more thoughtful man. Now, my young friends, always remember this story, and when you want to play a joke, think what would be the best joke.

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

J. QUINCY ADAMS.

COULD I feel myself qualified to give you the advice which you desire, it would afford me most heartfelt pleasure to give it; but, situated in life as you represent yourselves to be, I could scarcely name any list of books, or of authors, which I could recommend as equally worthy of attention to you all. The first, and almost the only book, deserving such universal recommendation, is the Bible; and in recommending that, I fear that some of you will think I am performing a superfluous, and others a very unnecessary office: yet such is my deliberate opinion. The Bible is a book, of all others to read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life: not to be read once, or twice, or thrice through, and then to be laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.

This attentive and repeated reading of the Bible, in small portions every day, leads the mind to habitual meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of conduct towards others in our social relations. In the Commandments delivered from Sinai, in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets, in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job—an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth; and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and good-will towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God and an ever-blessed existence hereafter.

I speak as a man of the world to men

of the world, and I say to you, *Search the Scriptures!* If ever you tire of them in seeking for a rule of faith, and standard of morals, search them as records of *history*. General and compendious history is one of the fountains of human knowledge to which you should resort with steady and perceiving pursuit. The Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world; and in storing your minds with the facts of this history, you will immediately perceive the need of assistance from geography and chronology. These assistances you may find in many of the Bibles published with commentaries, and you can have no difficulty in procuring them. Acquaint yourselves with the chronology and geography of the Bible; that will lead you to a *general* knowledge of chronology and of geography, ancient and modern, and these will open to you an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge respecting the globe, which you inhabit, and respecting the race of men (its inhabitants) to which you yourselves belong. You may pursue these inquiries just so far as your time and inclination will permit. Give one hour of mental application (for you must not read without thinking, or you will read to little purpose,) give an hour of joint reading and thought to the chronology, and one to the geography, of the Bible, and if it introduces you to too hard a study, stop there.—Even for those two hours you will ever after read the Bible, and any other history, with more fruit, more intelligence, more satisfaction. But if those two hours excite your curiosity, and tempt you to devote part of an hour every day for a year or years, to study thoroughly the chronology and geography of the Bible, it will not only lead you far deeper than you will otherwise ever penetrate into the knowledge of the book, but it will spread floods of light upon every step you shall ever afterwards take in acquiring the knowledge of profane history, and upon the local habitation of every tribe of man, and upon the name of every nation into which the children of Adam have been divided.

There are many other subsidiary studies to which you may devote more or less time, for the express purpose of making your Bible-reading more intelligible to yourselves.

TACT AND TALENT.

TALENT is something, but Tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; Tact is all that, and more, too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times—it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power, Tact is skill; Talent is weight, Tact is momentum; Talent knows what to do, Tact knows how to do it; Talent makes a man respectable, Tact will make him respected; Talent is wealth, Tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, Tact carries it against talent—ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and Talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be damned, while Tact keeps the house in a roar night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent—there is no want of dramatic tact—but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; Talent sees its way clearly, but Tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but Tact touches fees from attorney's and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; Tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; Tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the Church. Talent has always something worth hearing; Tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Take them into Journalism. Talent writes for the paper; Tact makes it succeed. Talent may obtain a living;

Tact will make one. Talent gets a good name; Tact a great one. Talent convinces; Tact converts. Talent is an honour to the profession; Tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight; Tact finds its way.—Talent commands; Tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation; and Tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate.—Talent has the ear of the house; but Tact wins its heart, and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment; but Tact is fitted for it. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on looks of wondrous wisdom; it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of a piano-forte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with a *hey-presto* movement, and be at all points of the compass, while Talent is ponderously and learnedly settling a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without wit outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and Tact will distance Talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; Tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; Tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; Tact follows where the humour leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; Tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; Tact throws away no pains, but catches the passion of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; Tact on a short lease, and gets good interest.—Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but Tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the hand of intellect.—*Essays and Sketches.*

"HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

"Don't speak so, my son! Don't speak in that tone to your Grandfather; it is not respectful," said Mrs. Hale to her son George, who was in the yard, talking in a loud voice.

"I did not know that I was saying anything wrong, mother," said George.

"Perhaps the words were not wrong, but the tone was. You should speak to older than yourself in a respectful manner, as well as with proper words," replied Mrs. Hale. "I wish you to remember, that the text I have so often repeated, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' is meant to apply to your grandparents, and other aged people, in some respects, as well as to your own parents."

The Evening after this conversation, George was sitting near to his mother, looking very thoughtful.

"What are you thinking about, my son?" asked Mrs. Hale.

"About the text you spoke of this afternoon, mother. I don't know as I understand it very well."

"Repeat the whole verse, my son, and then we will talk more about it."

George repeated, very slowly and distinctly, "Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." "Will God let people live longer who honour their parents?" asked George.

"That is God's promise," said Mrs. Hale. "We know that his promises are all true, and will all be fulfilled in the best time, and in the best way. He will surely bless those who obey his commands. If long life will not be a blessing to any of his children, He will take them, before they are old; but if they can glorify Him by living long upon the land, He will preserve them many years."

"Mother," said George, "you once told me that honour means to obey; but I know now that is not all it means: will you explain it to me more?"

"Honour means to obey first; and then in every way you can, to add to the comfort and happiness of your parents," said Mrs. Hale. "'They that honour Me, I will honour,' is a promise of God which never fails. You honour God by keeping His commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'"

WHICH IS THE BEST SECT?

WHICH of all the religious sects is the *best*? Best! *best for what* we instantly ask, on hearing this question?

Now let us consider this question in the light of what we mean by *best*, that we may be the better able to answer this query.—We deplore that the spirit of religious truth-seeking is not pursued with that earnest sober-mindedness which the importance of the subject demands. That there is a manifest carelessness not only in the non-professing portion of the world on the subject of religious truth, but also among professors. Like Pilate how many ask “What is truth?” or “Which is the best sect?” and Pilate, like they, seem to have no interest in the answer. How great a host of triflers there are who ask questions of the highest moment with a flippancy that ill becomes the smallest affairs of life. Yet these very persons can be most grave in testing the truthfulness or forgery of a five pound note because it touches their present interests, which are mere shadows, who consider it as a loss or waste of time to *prove*, to *examine*, to *test* the principles of moral and religious life. The church of the past has certainly fulfilled the mission of giving to the world a less deep interest in the solution of the question “Where is truth to be found?” and, “What is truth?” than does it any honour. So intent on preaching “receive this dogma and be saved, reject it and you are damned,” it has begotten a kind of stupor, that many of mankind are only asking which is the sect that will assure me most positively I will be saved by its ritual and nostrums and that salvation out of its pale is a very problematical thing. This is the best sect for all who judge of truth by *positivism*, “I was always told,” said a Roman Catholic controversialist, “of fallibility among the Protestants when I was with them: now I have found a church which avows its infallibility and my soul is at rest in faith”—Yes, there are too many in such a case who are willing to rest, and consider that company the most pure and true where the most impudent asseverations are put forth as the proofs of genuineness. This is resting in sectarian pride and the judging of the best, by the boldness, of which, Heaven preserve us from doing.

But this is a commercial age, and the best sect of many a man and woman means, *best for trade*. They know exactly where their best interests lie. They sail in a vessel helped along by a golden tow-ropes. Had they lived in the days of the Saviour they would have given the rich young man, who came to Christ, advice that would not have sent him away sorrowful, and also probably not satisfied. They would have said, it would do very little for *our interest* to ask such a poor unpopular person as Christ any questions about religion. We may at once close our shop, be seeking after another place to work, and can never be either Mayor or Member of Parliament if we are seen in such company, or reckoned a disciple of such a one. There was, in days of old, a man who had his standard by which *he* judged what was *best*. He knew the value of Christianity by the commercial standard, and he weighed Christ in the scale of his religious thinking and found him worth *thirty pieces of silver*, and sold him, and had his double reward, for the instruction of all after ages and disciples who might be tempted to be mere buyers and sellers in the temple of the Lord. We hope the proportion of those who are religious disciples for the mere advantage of their secular pursuits is still *one in twelve*; who consider churches, chapels and sects good or bad by the scale of trade *premium* and *discount*, and go or stay away from chapel as the case may be as the chapel is popular or unpopular. It is right to premise that there is such a class before we answer the question, “which is the best sect?” for best really means different things to different persons.

There is another class of inquirers which we must notice, who say, “Amid all these conflicting theological statements of different sects, whither must we go, who will show us any good.” This is a class who would pretend to be very wise, and make us believe they have sounded all the depths, and all the shallows, of every religious system, and every religious sect. They have weighed them all, and found they are all wanting, and thus won't belong to any sect or party, or they renounce religion altogether. Now, for our own part, we confess to have as little reverence for their conclusions as it is possible to have. We demur to ac-

knowledge their wisdom in this conclusion ; we protest against such a course. We find such men, amid all the conflicting statements and parties in politics, often espousing a cause and joining a sect to advance their views in these latter inferior things, and because of differences in the Christian Church renouncing it. We cannot explain how this is. We cannot believe either there is a broader lovingness of spirit in those professed non-sectarian people. We deplore to say we often find more gall in non-sectarianism than among sectaries. We openly avow we are sectaries. So was the Saviour, so was Paul. That Unitarians are a sect we are sorry when we hear it denied. Why should we deny it, or desire to cover up the truth upon this point? We are a denomination—a section of the great Christian family—a body of people holding in common definite and distinctive views, and labouring with an earnest and zealous spirit to disseminate our faith, to give it a wider extension and a deeper influence among mankind. We do not assume that *we* constitute THE CHURCH, and that beside us there is no organized body properly entitled to that name. We disfellowship no man because he differs from us in his interpretation of the Gospel, or because he does not draw from the inspired volume, the same doctrines which we find therein. Consistently with our claims we cannot occupy any such exclusive position, nor cherish any such narrow and exclusive spirit. But we are a sect, a branch of the Church, having our work to perform, our principles to disseminate, our seed to scatter, and we are under the plainest obligations to hold up our banner, and march forward to the conquest of the world. It is idle to expect that our faith will of itself gradually and stealthily creep into other bodies and sects, and so leaven the Church and the world. What Unitarianism has accomplished thus far in our history has been accomplished by hard work, by affirmation, controversy, and toil, and success in the future can only be obtained, by a like noble fidelity and by similar agencies and means. We want no bitterness (or sectarianism in the bad sense of that word) toward those from whom we openly dissent. But we want more sectarianism in the good sense of that word. We want Unitarians everywhere to wake

up from drowsiness, and move onwards, disseminating their liberal ideas with all the ability God has given, bearing the ark of truth to the nearest and remotest places of the earth. And with the true bread of Heaven to feed multitudes who are now famishing, who know not the true God, nor the beauty and glory of that gospel we have expounded, proclaimed by the anointed Son of God. And yet it is one of the chief joys of our heart, and we cheerfully concede it, that God's children, Christ's Church, the virtuous, pious, good, and true, can be plentifully found in every Church, Sect, and Party of Christendom.

Then which is the best sect? This is a question of importance, see that it is not asked in a frivolous manner; sound the meaning of the word *best* by whomsoever it is proposed. You will find this proposed with very different meanings; just as you hear the question which is the best chapel. The man of *music*, means the *choir*; the man of *trade* views only, means, for customers; people of *fashion*, have another meaning; the soul filled only with *fear* of hell has another meaning; the *aspirant* for earthly honour, has another meaning; the lover of a smooth, quiet way, through this rough world may have another meaning; the enjoyer of boisterous enthusiasm has another meaning; the man with his moral crotchets about the reformation of the world by his *one* idea, has another meaning; and so we might proceed to show how *modern* or *antique taste* in architecture; the preachers *voice*, or the preachers *doctrine*; the *psalmody* or the *sermon*; or by what various rule you may answer that one chapel is better than another; or one sect is better than another. "I like a sect" says one, "where they all stand to receive the communion;" another prefers "where they all sit," and a third "where they all kneel." I go where they chant the whole service," says one; "I hate it" says another; "I prefer a little of both," says a third. Which is the *best*? Know what is meant by best before you answer this question.

A few words more, about the true answer to the question, when proposed by a Christian and truth seeking spirit. The object of the Christian Church is that it may be the ground and pillar of the truth, the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. So let every sect seeker compare in his search

the churches and systems he reviews with the *four gospels*. For one thing is certain; that sect is the best which has most of Christ in it, most of his doctrine in its teaching, most of his benevolence in its spirit, most love of God, and most love of all mankind. This is the true test, call all sects by what name we may. The Christian Church is the grandest of all institutions and ought to be approached in none other spirit than that of godly sincerity. The cement of its members should be truth, piety, and benevolence: how glorious then would be its achievements in aiding each other to climb the moral excellencies of christian character, and in cherishing the pious resignation and trust of Jesus Christ. Its light would then be on a candlestick emitting golden beams and silvery rays, hastening the worlds redemption from all sin, superstition and unkindness, and the perfect day of heavenly light and life. There are at present sects many, *good and better*, our answer is "*That sect is best which keeps the closest to the teaching and life of Christ as found in the Holy Gospels.*"

"Ye different sects who all declare,
Lo! Christ is here or Christ is there;
Your stronger proofs divinely give
And show us where true Christians live."

A SHORT SERMON TO SEXTONS,

WHICH MAY BE OVERHEARD BY ALL
CHURCH OFFICERS.

DEAR BRETHREN,—You occupy an important office in the Church of Christ, which is the kingdom of God on earth. An ancient saint, with a crown on his head, said he would rather be one among you than dwell in the haunts of wickedness. *Very honourable then, in your office.* This is the firstly of our sermon. Let us now pass to—

Secondly. *Very useful* may your post be also. No man in the congregation can more effectually stupify the preacher; no one can more effectually put to sleep the hearers.—Know you, brethren, the importance of *good air*? It is next important in the worshipping assembly to the good Spirit from on high, of which Holy Scripture maketh it the emblem, As the Lord hath the gift of the latter, so the sexton hath of the former. If he giveth it not, the thoughts of the preacher flag, and the heads of the hearers bow in wor-

ship to the false god Morpheus. Keep idolatry out of the Church, brother sexton. There was a band of old saints once who were called Iconoclasts, because they tore down idols, and cast them out of the temples. The temples of our land are degraded by the worshippers of Morpheus; sextons are the champions to make a crusade against the abomination. They could purge the land of it if they would. Up then, brethren, and expel this heathenism. Do you ask how it shall be done?

1. Up with the windows at seasonable times.

2. Especially keep open, a little, those nearest the pulpit, during the whole service. The preacher will repay you by better sermons,

3. Manage this matter with skill; blunder not as some in your honourable office do, by having the windows either too much open, so as to chill the hearers, or not open at all, so as to stupify them. Distribute the ventilation in small drafts all along the casements,

Again: Never freeze the congregation by neglecting the fires; begin them early to make sure the comfort of the temple; it is better to begin too soon than too late, for when there is too much heat it can be relieved by ventilation; when there is not enough, ventilation has to be lost without remedying the deficiency. How many in your honourable functions, brethren, have thus robbed the Lord of the worship of an entire assembly? Remember, that with your peculiar honour is connected peculiar responsibility, and we must all give an account.

Again; Men in honourable posts should always have *courtesy* up to their honour. A sexton should be a model of politeness; he should move with alacrity, accommodating everybody, and when he cannot accommodate them, showing that he feels the privation more than they do. Next in importance to a good preacher in the pulpit, is a good sexton at the portal; his smile lighteth up the face of the multitude; his whisper of courtesy openeth the ears of the people for the trumpet of the truth. A rude sexton is out of his place; he is beneath its gracious honour, as much as a bear would be, guarding the palace gate of a king.

Application: And now, brethren, let

him that hath his ears to hear, hear this message. Harden not your hearts against it. He that hath sinned in these respects, let him sin no more, but make haste to repent. Let all our temples on the coming Sabbath show that the word has been fitly spoken, and the seed has fallen into good and honest hearts. The Lord add his blessing. Amen.—*Star of the West.*

"HE DIED RICH."

PEOPLE said this everywhere when the morning papers announced the death of "John Russell." They said it where they count wealth by hundreds of thousands, and they said it in the elegant parlors and by luxurious breakfast tables, all over the squares and avenues of the great city; they say it too, in dark alleys, and in squalid homes where all his thousands could not buy back to the millionaire one hour of the life that was to them a burden and a misery. Everywhere was the same story, "He died rich."

His family and friends thought so, as they gathered round the bedside of the dying man; and you, reader, would have tho't it too, if you could have looked around that chamber, into which death was entering with his dumb footfalls and his ghastly presence. Oh, it was a princely room! Rare pictures flushed the walls that winter day with the glory of Arcadian summers; the fairest blossoms of southern Mays were piled thick upon the costly carpet; and the daintily embroidered drapery fell in soft, crinkled clouds from the massive bedstead.—And the owner of all this magnificence lay there dying; and through all his life of more than three score years, he had toiled and struggled for this—to die rich! He had bought lands and sold them; he had owned shares in railroads, and stock in banks, and now!

Ah! there was an angel who stood at the side of John Russell in that dying hour, and the man had nothing out of all his life to give him: no generous, noble, sacrificing deeds, which would have been pearls, and gold, and all precious jewels in the hands of the angel; so he wrote down at the close of the chapter of John Russell's life, "*He died poor.*"

"He died poor." A very few persons said this of an old man who lay in a back chamber of John Russell's residence. The

floor was bare, and there was only a few chairs, a table, and a low bed in the room. By his side stood an old woman, whom the dying man had occasionally furnished with an armful of wood or a loaf of bread. She moistened his cold lips with water, or held the tallow candle close to his dim eyes, so that he might see once more the light of this world. He had not a penny upon earth; his fortune had taken wings and flown away; his wife and his children had gone before him, his friends had deserted or lost sight of him, and now none remained to watch with the old man till death called him, but the grateful old woman whom he had saved from starvation.

But the angel with the book stood there, too, and looking over the old man's life he saw that many good, and gentle, and generous deeds brightened every year; how he had been kind to the suffering and forgiven such wrongs as make men friends, and striven through the trials and temptations of his long, sad life, to be true to God and himself. So the angel wrote under the last chapter of this old man's life, every letter shining like some rare setting of diamonds, "*He died rich.*"

And the old man knew it, too, when he stood at the silver gates of the Eternal City, and they led him in, and showed him the "inheritance to which he was heir."

There was the house not made with hands with its columns of pearl, and its ceilings of jasper, with its pleasant rooms, and its lofty halls, and its mighty organs from which peal for ever the notes of praise to our God!

There, too, was the pleasant landscape, with its green avenues, and its golden pavilions, its trees waving in the joy of eternal waters. He was heir to all these things, and he took their title deeds from the hands of God's angels, and saying pittingly on earth, "He died poor."

Ah, reader! how unlike are the things here and the things there. All the wealth in the world cannot buy one acre of the soil "on the other side of the river," nor one title deed to its pleasant homes, or its fountains of sweet waters; but only live so that when you sail out on the great sea of depth you shall bear with you to the golden ports those blessed words of the angels, "He died rich," and you shall be satisfied with your inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven."

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

A WORD IN SEASON.

TO UNITARIANS EVERYWHERE.

"Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."—"Speaking the truth in love may grow up unto him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."—"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."—Jude iii; Eph. iv, 15; Heb. x, 23.

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness."—"That whereas they speak against you as evildoers, they may by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation."—"Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently."—Eph. vi, 14; 1st Pet. ii, 12; 1st Pet. i, 22.

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love, and to good works."—"Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—"For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."—Heb. x, 24; 2nd Tim. ii, 19; 1st Pet. ii, 15.

TO ALL WHO ARE PERSECUTED FOR THE PROFESSION OF THEIR FAITH.

"For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience towards God, endure grief, suffering wrongfully, for what glory is it, if when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable unto God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again: when he suffered he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."—"For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."—1st Peter ii, 19, 23; Heb. xii, 3.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."—Matt. v, 10, 12.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven. for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."—"See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men."—"And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins."—"Recompense to no man evil for evil."—1st Thess. v, 15; 1st Pet. iv, 8; Rom. xiii, 17.

TO ALL WHO ESPOUSE THE MERE VIEWS AND DOCTRINES OF MEN.

"Call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ."—"For while one saith, I am of Paul,

and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal? Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man."—"Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you, or were ye baptized in the name of Paul."—"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."—"For he that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord's FREEMAN; likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ's servant."—"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister: and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."—"By the way the disciples had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest. And Jesus sat down and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all."—Matt. xxiii, 9; 1st Cor. iii, 5; 1st Cor. i, 12; Gal. v, 1; 1st Cor. vii, 22; Matt. xx, 25; Mark ix, 34.

TO RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSIALISTS.

"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and reverence."—"Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine."—"In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth."—"Sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you."—"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt (or wisdom) that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."—"Be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity, . . . give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine."—"Avoid foolish questions."—"In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity."—"Holding fast the faithful word in teaching that he may be able, by sound doctrine, both to exhort and convince the gainsayers."—1st Pet. iii, 15; Titus ii, 1; 2nd Timothy ii, 25; Titus ii, 9, Col. iv, 6; 1st Tim. iv, 13; Titus iii, 9; ii, 7; i, 9.

THE REWARD OF FAITHFUL PERSEVERANCE IN SOUND DOCTRINE.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—"For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel. For if I do this willingly I have a reward."—"Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee."—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—Dan. xii, 3; James v, xx; 1st Cor. ix, 16; 1st Tim. iv, 16; 2nd Tim. iv, 7.

END.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. GROSS.

There is no subject of more painful interest to the physician, than the premature decline of those whose youth, at least, should betoken many prospective years of usefulness and enjoyment. In our daily practice we are often called to look on the faded cheek and the sunken eye of those who, as yet, stand only on the threshold of active life; and the fact that each succeeding year lessens the number who reach this period before they have tasted the bitterness of disease, should render it a matter of serious inquiry with us as to what may be the causes which are operating to bring about these truly fearful results. Perhaps we cannot more truly arrive at any definite views on this subject, than by looking for a moment at the early physical and mental training of the present generation.

Casting aside the first great cause, that of hereditary weakness and disease, let us glance for a moment at some of the causes which are within our own immediate power; and, as females are the ones most frequently the sufferers, we will take from these our standard, and looking first at the proportions and healthy development of the sweet babe whose advent was hailed with such delight by the fond parents, we shall at once pronounce the little visitant as one of nature's most perfect productions. Passing hastily over the first few months of babyhood, each day of which has added to the health and beauty of the fair child, we find it at four years the personation of all that is lovely.

The blooming rose on its cheek, and its light bounding step, prove the pure healthy gushing of that blood which courses so freely through every vein. The years are doubled, and we note a change. The sweet child is now a stranger to the fields and flowers. No more does she bound with reckless glee, in a vain pursuit of the gay butterfly, whose joyous freedom was once so fitting an emblem of her own. She has exchanged the companionship of nature for that which frequents her mother's drawing room. Already has she been taught that to climb the garden wall, or to allow her joyous spirit to find expression in the merry laugh of childhood, is unbecoming to her approaching womanhood.

Thus, deprived of the invigorating effects of air exercise, the first few years are spent under the supervision of her governess. The brain becomes morbidly sensitive, its fitful glimmerings are mistaken by the doting parents for undoubted genius, and they at once hasten to decide its development by placing their darling in a boarding school. At the early age of ten she is sent from home to remain through several years of the most critical period of her life. There, far from the watchful care of her who should be her guide and confident, her health and happiness are left to the entire control of those who (I am grieved to say,) are too often unfitted to fulfil the responsibilities imposed upon them. For while much is done to cultivate the mind, the well-being of the tenements which it inhabits is left to take care of itself, regardless of law or regulations.

These long, wearisome years of confinement do their part towards undermining the constitution of our once blooming child, and she returns to her home with scarce a vestige of her childhood left—for, alas, at the very moment when she should be free to walk with the firm, elastic tread of health on the stage which opens before her, behold her, the frail emaciated wreck of her former self. A few months more of lassitude and suffering are hers. Then her cheek blanches whiter and still

whiter, the form grows gradually more fragile; then comes the closing scene in this life drama, and the child so loved and cherished lies down on her downy couch to rise no more. The lovely form which the misplaced kindness of doting parents would scarce suffer "the winds of heaven to visit too roughly," is now held in the relentless embrace of death.

Dear reader, I have drawn no imaginary picture for your perusal. Too many a broken hearted mother can testify to its reality; and to you who still hold this relationship, you who have never known the agony of sundering those tender ties which bind the mother to her child, heed the warning of others' sad experience, and let not your own departure from the beneficent laws of our Creator be visited upon *your children*.

Let not passion nor ambition tempt you to be forgetful for a moment that, to be truly happy, your children must be healthy, and that their being such depends much on you to whose tender care they were committed. Throw not too many restraints around the happy hours of childhood. Fear not to let them make friends with the fields and flowers. Teach not their little feet to walk by rule, but let their steps be bounded only by the glad heart within. What if the pure white of that complexion grow darker in the light of heaven? In coming years your child will bless you for the inheritance thus given. If God has given to your child beauty and health, let not your own misguided affections tempt you to thwart his great design. Destroy not the beautiful cemetery which is originally our birthright, by tightly compressing the chest, thus laying a foundation for innumerable miseries. Let your own watchful eye be over them at that period of their life when, of all others, a daughter most needs the experience and advice of a mother; a period when too often, from ignorance of her own peculiar organization, the seeds of premature decline are too often sown, to be reaped only in the separation of the tenderest and purest ties which bind the human heart.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge, in order to cover your own extravagance.—*Woman's Thoughts about Women.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

I know a man of peculiar skill in music, who found out a great resemblance of the Athanasian doctrine of the Trinity in every single note, and he thought it carried something of argument in it to prove that doctrine.—*Watts on the Improvement of the Mind.*

SPONSORS.—A writer in the *Melbourne Church of England Record* says:—"On one occasion some parents came to me, and asked if I could dispense with sponsors, for they could not afford any. On asking for an explanation, they said they would have to give so much grog to any one they asked!"

Rev. John Pierpont, the poet and Unitarian clergyman, formerly of Boston, Mass., has recently announced his conviction of the truth of Spiritualism. We do not understand him as renouncing any of his former views of religious truth; but he accepts Spiritualism as proof of some of them.

Who ever find themselves wholly insensible to the charms of music, would I think do well to keep their own counsel . . . since some of the Fathers went so far as to esteem the *love of music* a sign of predestination, as a thing divine and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself.—*Sir W. Temple's Essay on Poetry.*

A SINGULAR CASE OF FANATICISM.—Mrs. Chadwick, wife of Mr. George Chadwick, of Peekskill Hollow, Putnam County, U.S., cut off her hand, between the wrist and elbow, whilst labouring under religious excitement. She had recently been frequently heard to say, "If thine hand offend thee cut it off." The wound is a terrible one, and her recovery is doubtful.

A CHOICE SPURGEONISM.—The following passage, from a late sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, gives that clergyman's view of a "mother in heaven": "But now your mother says, Now, my son, it is changed. I can weep no more now, for I am glorified. I can pray no more for you now, for prayers are useless here. You are justly lost. You are damned, and I must say Amen to your condemnation." God deliver us from Spurgeon's heaven, if it has to so transform our moral feelings for the worse.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A lady visiting New York city, saw one day, on the sidewalk, a ragged, cold, and hungry little one looking anxiously at some cakes in a confectioner's shop window. Taking her by the hand, the lady led her into the store, and though she was aware that *bread* might be better for the child than *cake*, yet, desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady full in the face, and with artless simplicity asked, "Are you God's wife?"

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—It is now pretty much rumoured that the celebrated Florence Nightingale is "by birth, by profession, by practice, and by expressed conviction," a Unitarian. This has only been doubted, because, in the absence of a Church of her own persuasion, she attended the parish Church in Hampshire, and united with the rector in every work of charity and love. So, too, on the continent she joined with the Roman Catholics in deeds of charity, and in hospital services, and in the East she ministered in the Crimean war to persons of every faith, and showed the most tender and delicate consideration for the religious feelings of all under her care alike. Her Unitarianism may diminish the respect of bigots for her, but ought to be a proof that holy living is consistent with liberal views of Christianity.

A favourite mode of introducing in Brazil is said to be—"This is my friend; if he steals anything from you, I am responsible for it." This usage might be incorporated among the "Rules of Good Society" everywhere.

ANECDOTE.—Rev. David Rice settled in Kentucky in 1783, and was the first Presbyterian minister seen there. His leader of the singing was a certain Joe Davis, a noted of the day, whose moral character was not wholly unexceptionable. He applied to Father Rice to baptize his child for him, thinking, as he was the chorister, there would be no objection to it. Father Rice refused, on the ground that he was not a Christian. Joe became quite indignant. When Church time came on, he refused to raise the tune, and spoke out so the congregation could hear him, that he would "*neither whistle nor sing* for a man who would refuse to mark the lambs because the old sheep went astray."—*Banner.*

An extraordinary memorial has been addressed by 507 Austrian priests to the Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna. In this document, the lower Catholic clergy complain of the wretched pay (sometimes less than that of a cab driver) of the lower clergy, in consequence of which they are driven to the collection of fees and taxes which are the source of the most disgraceful and disgusting conflicts with the people. In the next place, the petitioners lay bare the laziness of monkhood, and demand the abolition of these begging revenues to the maintenance of the really working priests. A more important demand follows. It is for the abolition of celibacy, on the ground that the impossibility of entering into the marriage state renders the priest the victim of suspicions, of sneering and contempt, and produces laxity amongst the clergy, thus rendering them contributors to the moral dissolution which is invading even the superior classes.

HERESY IN THE CHURCH.—In reference to what recently took place in Escot Church, Devonshire, on the occasion of a sermon preached by the Rev. H. E. Head, Rector of Fenton, "Devoniensis" has sent the following statement to the *Record*:—"The Prayers were read by the Incumbent. And it is necessary I should premise that the reading desk and the pulpit are in very close contiguity, the preacher having to pass through the reading desk to reach the pulpit; it is not more than four feet above the desk. Towards the close of his sermon Mr. Head began to give expression to the opinions which he has been long known to entertain, and has published to the world, *on the non-eternity of future punishments.* On this Mr. Furnival, without rising from his seat, put his arm through the slightly open door, and appeared to be endeavouring, by pulling Mr. Head's gown, certainly without any violence discernible, even by those who, like himself, sat within a few yards of him, to arrest his attention. Mr. Head continued in the same strain, and on his making use of the words following, 'The doctrine of endless punishment is one of man's devising and wholly contrary to the Word of God,' Mr. Furnival rose from his seat and said, in not more than one or two sentences, 'that he could not allow this to continue, that the doctrine which Mr. Head was preaching was contrary to the Scripture and to the tenets of the Church of England, and that he must dismiss them. He then immediately left the reading desk. Mr. Head, who had ceased preaching when Mr. Furnival rose, remained silent. After a slight pause and some apparent uncertainty among the congregation what course to pursue, they began to disperse. Mr. Furnival returned to the reading desk and gave the benediction, and so ended this very painful scene."

THE CALMNESS OF JESUS.

WHOEVER has studied the character of Jesus with the least attention, must have been impressed with the Calmness that forms so beautiful an element in his nature. And when he is contrasted in this respect with many of those who are speaking in his name in the world, the quality is even more remarkable. Few of the teachers or reformers of mankind can preserve their own self-possession in the tempest of human passions amid which they live. However admirable in the retired places of society, where they are shielded even from the sight of great wrongs, immediately on being led out to the battle-field where truth and error are involved in the terror and turmoil of a moral conflict they "lose their head," become enraged and irritable, crazy with enthusiastic hope, or prostrate with apprehension, and, with the best intentions, do little save to inflame the bad and disturb the good. But Jesus was greatest of all teachers and reformers in this, that he always preserved at the centre of his being a calmness that affected every expression and coloured every act, and shed over his whole career the beauty of a superior nature. However arduous his toils, however exciting the circumstances around him, however calculated to provoke to madness or appal with fear, he never loses this poise of character. Through the great variety of scenes in which we behold him, the same calm power and harmonious blending of faculties enchants us; and we feel that he who can thus be superior to such a career can be none other than the Son of God.

This calmness of Jesus was not the result of his insensibility to those influences which distract the minds of most men. He was the most sensitive of beings, and felt a thousand griefs and woes of humanity which we hardly perceive, and in proportion to the greatness of his love must have been the sadness at the unwillingness of his countrymen to be instructed by it. It was not the shallow complacency of ignorance, which, seeing only to the limits of its own shadow, perceives no special cause for great rejoicing or sorrowing. He saw what was in man, knew the times in which he lived, understood humanity through and through, and yet was calm. It was not the forced quiet of the recluse, for he was never an ascetic or a retired student, but the most public man of his day, living in crowds, and never out of sight of affairs. It was not the calmness of a good-natured dreamer who disguises every rough spot in life by a romantic fiction, and by the magic of an amiable selfishness is kept from seeing anything that will make him uneasy; for no spirit that has dwelt with man has so sternly looked every fact in the face, and no noisy rage of fanatic ever approached the deep still current of his irresistible displeasure against all wrong. His calmness was none of those temporary moods of quiet into which men work themselves by overlooking what will disturb them, but the majestic repose of a great soul that has looked all about and through life, and seen above, beneath, and around its profoundest secrets a deeper, higher, all-encompassing reality, whose very apprehension is peace and hope to the spirit. He was more sustained than we, because he knew more than any of us concerning the being of God, the nature and destiny of man; and, by the power of knowledge inspired by faith, beheld the success of the truth through ages of conflict and seeming disaster. So he is to us the image God, who never

forgets himself, but is an eternal, creative energy embosomed in an infinite Love and Peace.

Shall we not learn from him the Divine secret of that calmness which is the sign of real power and the prophecy of ultimate success wherever it appears? Shall we not understand that if we would get out of this fever of unrest in which we are tossed to and fro, we must seek relief only where he found it—in a deeper view of life, and more devout consecration to life's great aims than we now possess? The great mistake we make on this subject is, to suppose we shall find peace by avoiding responsibility, and that Paradise is a quiet garden outside the fret and stir of this world, where we can look down unmoved upon what now vexes us. But whoever tries to gain peace by deserting duty will find cares and vexations multiply every hour; for we are so constituted that we must care for somebody; and if we are not engrossed with loving service for our fellow-beings, all this anxiety turns back on our own poor selves, and the attention that ought to be diffused over a whole community strikes in, and fills every hour of our petty life with puny irritations and selfish miseries, till our body and soul become like a nest of wasps, stinging each other, and maddened into every new discord and dismay. Look into the faces of those who desert the word, either from a false view of religion or a selfish desire to enjoy their fortune. No Luther, shaking civilized Europe with the thunder of his word, is so disturbed as the poor ascetic who, having retired into his cell to find God, finds instead a little world of demons fighting for the possession of his soul. And what class of men and women are so uneasy, uncomfortable, and generally useless and miserable as those who have drawn off from life to enjoy the rewards of their past toil.

No; this is not the way to calmness. We can rely on no peace which cannot be enjoyed along with our duty. If a man cannot preserve a quiet soul in the very midst of his business, he cannot find it anywhere. If a woman cannot be cheerful with her family around her, she will grow melancholy as she is left alone. The true calmness at which we aim is the calmness of Jesus—that mastery over our own nature which keeps us superior to everything we do; that well-balanced disposal of all our faculties which preserves us from being upset by the sudden awakening of any impulse; that judicious adjustment of ourselves to our circumstances which keep all things at their due distance, and does everything at arm's length; above all, that profound faith in man, and that entire trust in God, which is not washed down by any freshet of sin and folly, but bides its time for the success of the right. And this calmness can only be found in the very thick of life. The very conditions of its existence are, that the world should be all about us, and we dealing with its people and its affairs with all our might. Not the quiet of the stagnant pool, which is still because it is shallow and useless; but the calmness of the ocean that, underneath all the tempests that vex its surface, rolls on in regular tides, within permanent bounds, and sleeps in crystal abysses in the deep places of the earth, and reflects the heavens, while it feeds man and does his work, and determines his progress in civilization, should be our type and character. Such was Jesus; "in the world and yet above it;" the mighty Reformer who crowded into a ministry of two years a work that will transform the world; the Son of God, who did all this on the surface of a nature that flows away into shining seas of joy and ebbs in oceans of heavenly rest, wherein the generations of man can find perpetual gladness and unfailing peace.—

Christian Enquirer.

DEVIL CALUMNY.—THE LAST DEVIL'S WALK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

From his brimstone bed at break of day

A devil has walking gone—

To trample and char the flow'rs to death,
To infest the air with his pestilent breath,
And to cloud the morning sun.

And, pray, how was this devil dressed ?

Oh ! he was cased in an iron vest ;

His scales were close, and his rivets true,
With never a chink for a spear to get
through.

And over the hill and over the dale

He walked, and over the plain,

And an air-gun, elegant, polished, and
round,

That would kill miles off, with never a
sound,

He twirl'd like a harmless cane.

And over the laurels of full-blown Fame,

And the tender shoots of the young
Good Name,

He stamped with his merciless hoof of
shame,

And he left his print on each.

And backward and forward he wriggled
his tail,

Through rose-trimm'd garden and lily-
strewn vale,

Making his course by a loathsome trail,

Like a snail-track over a peach.

He spied a labourer hard at work,

Early at his vocation.

His prominence offered a capital shot :

"Oho !" quoth the devil, "he sees me
not."

So he shoulder'd his piece, and he aim'd,
Got wot !

With terrible calculation !

He saw young innocent folks at play,

Blameless, beautiful, wise, and gay,

The prospect liked not him.

So a vitriol flask from his pouch he drew,
('Twas a devilish deed !) and the liquid
threw

O'er the fair young group, whom he left
a crew

Of monsters scarr'd and grim.

He peered in a house ; 'twas a goodly
manse,

Of time and weather had stood the
chance,

And was still erect and fair.

"Aha !" quoth the devil, "the pile looks
well,

But I've fire-works studied for nothing
in hell,

If I can't find out when a match or shell
May lead to combustion there."

That Devil could creep where no other
fiends can.

He found an unguarded spot,

Where he scraped a mine with his diligent
hoof,

And—his train prepared—wall, pillar,
and roof,

Blew up in the air like shot !

That breach in the roof is mended now ;

Its whereabouts few can tell ;

But the devil had done his work that day,
So he crawled him back for his master's

pay,

Which he royally spent in a jovial way,

With the lowest devils in hell.

"There are many devils that walk this
world,

Devils great and devils small,

Devils with tails and devils without,"

Devils who whisper, devils who shout,

Devils who mystify, devils who teach ;

But the CALUMNY DEVIL—as hard to
reach

As the snail who, now safe on some distant
beech,

Is digesting the core of my favourite
peach—

Is the shabbiest devil of all !

NOTICE.

INDEX AND TITLE-PAGE.

We beg to say that an Index and Title-page will be printed separately, charged one halfpenny, and will be sent with the January parcels. We wish the order for the number of Title-pages, through the agents, not later than Christmas.

Part of the Title-pages will be printed thus—VOLS. I. AND II. with contents. Part of them, VOL. II. with contents ; let each subscriber say which he wants.

VOLUME THIRD of the Christian Freeman will commence with the next number. This volume we hope to make a valuable repository of expositions of *all the Scriptural texts* cited as proofs of trinitarian doctrines. We hope our friends everywhere will aid the circulation.

NOTICE—Letters, &c., for the Editor, to be addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

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